Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 261

Chapter 261 Rita's POV:

The Lively Group had gone bankrupt at my very hands. Defeated and regretful, I drove away from the company, wandering aimlessly for a long time before going home.

But, when my car arrived at the gate, it didn't open.

Frowning, I got off the car. As soon as I approached the iron gate, I saw two black figures rushing towards me, followed by the sound of fierce barking of dogs.

"Ah!" I was so startled that I staggered back and fell awkwardly to the ground, causing me to accidentally graze my palm. The pain from the minor wound felt like it was burning me. "Damn it! Why are there dogs in my house?"

I hobbled to my feet.

The two German Shepherds were still barking at me as I looked across the iron gate, scanning the courtyard.

On the lawn, Lily was bent over, catching her breath as she threw a tennis racket onto the ground. At this time, Kevin ran to her side, wiping the beads of sweat on her forehead.

'What's Kevin doing with Lily?

Have they known each other for a long time?'

Only then did I realize that Kevin was the one who drove the Lively Group to its destruction overnight. It turned out that he and Lily were colluding!

"Fuck! That evil bitch!" I was so furious that I clasped the iron gate with both hands.

Finally, they noticed my presence.

Lily held onto Kevin's arm, leaning against him intimately. There was a bright smile on her face while she was waving at me.

At this point, I was hopping mad. "You bitch! This was all your doing! You ruined my company!"

Lily whispered something to Kevin with a smile on her face. Then, she approached me on her own. Soon, she stopped in front of the gate and the dogs displayed affection towards her when they saw her. They were nuzzling their heads against her thighs.

With arrogance, Lily looked into my eyes. "You are the dumbest piece of shit I've ever met, Rita. Do you really not know who's behind that whole charade?" she asked.

"Of course, I do. It's you! You're the one who did it behind my back!"

"Me? No, no, no. I'd love nothing more than to see your poor face be humiliated, but I'm not that capable, boo."

It was then that a particular person flashed through my mind as I looked at Lily in disbelief. "Are you saying that..."

"Nope. I'm not saying anything," said Lily. She then pet the dogs, turned around, and left.

Scarlett's face kept flashing through my mind. The image was so vivid in my head and I hated it down to my bone!

Out of everyone else in this world, Scarlett hated me the most and she had the most reason to not want me to have a good life.

"Scarlett, you're the only one who'd do this to me. You've already ruined my happiness and my family, and now you've destroyed my career! I am going to make sure you die a miserable death!" Gritting my teeth, I opened the car door and drove away at full speed.

Scarlett's POV:

Today, I was supposed to have a drink with Vivian alone, but Charles insisted on coming with me. He told me that he'd follow me wherever I went to, because I was his wife.

By nine in the evening, we arrived at Mint Bar. When we entered the private room, we saw Spencer, David and his fiancee, Icey.

Upon taking my seat, Charles insisted on sitting next to me. "I want to speak with my friend in private. Can't you just go with your friends to another room?" I protested.

"No." Charles refuted.

Discomfited by his intense, I turned my face away and decided to ignore him. However, Charles grabbed my hand and interlocked his fingers with mine.

Someone in the room noticed what he did.

"That's enough, you two! Stop showing off your love in front of us!" As Vivian sat across me, she shook her head, and took out a pack of cards. "Let's just play cards, guys!"

"Hold on. What does the winner get?" My hand was starting to feel ticklish. I pulled it out from Charles' hand and shot him a sidelong glance.

This time, he held my waist.

Helplessly, I raised my head and happened to meet Vivian's taunting gaze.

"The winner

can ask the loser a question, and the loser must answer no matter what," said Vivian.

Icey chuckled at that. "Sounds interesting."

Since nobody objected to the premise of the game, it began right away.

Though we were just playing cards, it still tired me out after playing for an hour. I leaned back in Charles' arms, but I still couldn't find a comfortable position. Thus, I tried to adjust my posture.

A moment later, he picked me up and placed me on his lap.

He was hugging me lazily, resting his head on my shoulder. The warmth of his breath sprayed onto my earlobes, causing my ears to feel hot.

All of a sudden, he grabbed my ass.

With a wide-eyed gaze, I glared at this shameless man.

Even so, Charles just smiled at me as he looked into my eyes. It was then that he raised his chin and planted a kiss on my lips.

Upon seeing what he did, everyone else in the room booed and hissed at him. I, on the other hand, was blushing from embarrassment.

"Oh, my God! How could you two be so brazen?" Spencer groaned, sounding annoyed.

David added, "Spencer, go ahead and find another room for these two. I don't wanna look at them anymore."

To warn Charles, I pinched his cheeks.

Seconds later, the game continued. And to my surprise, I won five times in a row!

"You're awesome today, Scarlett! Is it because your husband is by your side?" Vivian shook her head and let out a sigh. "Scarlett, this time, you have to ask Spencer a question," she continued.

Upon hearing that, Spencer appeared to be nervous. "Pick a question carefully. Don't try to pull any tricks on me."

"Oh, don't worry, Spencer. I'm a kindhearted woman. I'm not gonna do that." I smirked at him. Seeing that Spencer was relieved, I asked him, "Spencer, if Vivian marries another man now, what will you do?"

He was stunned by the question. Then, he glanced at Vivian and asked, "Are you planning to marry someone else?"

Vivian looked down and continued staring at her cards without responding.

"Vivian, I'm going to take responsibility for you!" Spencer proposed. He appeared to be serious.

Raising my eyebrows, I leaned close to Charles and whispered, "What happened between them?"

"Things that should have happen a long time before," he replied.

Before I could figure out what Charles meant, I heard Vivian speak up. "I don't need you to take responsibility for me."

I turned my gaze towards Vivian, only to find that she had gulped down an entire glass of wine in one breath. She was frowning, but I could see a trace of sadness in her eyes.

Then, she changed the subject. "Come on, let's just keep playing."

The next round, I lost.

I was feeling nervous, so I glanced at David, since he was the one who'd ask me a question.

I could feel he was up to no good because of the grin on his face. "Are you brave enough to declare your love for Charles in public, Scarlett?" he asked.

At this point, my heart was racing because of how nervous I was. I looked back at Charles, trying to speak, but I found that I couldn't utter a word.

It was then that he held my hand and said, "You don't have to force yourself to do that."

Surprised by his remark, my eyes widened. "Seriously?" I asked.

"Well, it's just a game." His smile gradually turned cheeky. "But everyone should abide by the rules."

My mood shifted from glee to despair at once, and I shot him a glare. "Did you and David plan to ask me this question together?" I grunted.

Vivian whistled. "Planned or not, rules are rules. Scarlett, you and Charles already have a son together. All you have to do is to express your love for him in public. That's not a problem for you, right? Don't be shy!"

Everyone began to urge me to do it. At this point, refusing them would be disappointing.

While everyone was staring at me, I gathered the courage to speak. "Charles, I..."

Suddenly, we heard a deafening sound.

The next second, the door was busted open.

Startled, I turned around and found that it was Rita.

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Chapter 262 Scarlett's POV:

Unexpectedly, Charles grabbed me by the waist before lifting me off his lap. Then, he stood in front of me.

My gaze crossed his shoulder, meeting Rita's resentful glare.

Rita demanded angrily, "Scarlett! Were you the one who instigated Lily to destroy the Lively Group?!"

"Hey! Who let this crazy woman in? Where are the bodyguards? Drive her out!" Vivian immediately jumped to my defense, and stormed over with the fury of a scorned woman.

But Rita suddenly brandished a large knife and began waving it threateningly at Vivian. Her eyes burned with manic ferocity. She seemed to breathe fire as she hissed, "Come at me if you have the guts!"

"Vivian, get away from her!" Spencer stepped forward in a flash, holding Vivian protectively in his arms to shield her.

Icey screamed, horrified.

Rita's expression was twisted as she aimed the sharp end of the knife at me. She no longer looked sane. "Answer me, Scarlett! Answer me, or else...!"

I glared back at Rita, my lips a disdainful sneer. "Hey, Rita. Have you ever considered the consequences of your actions?"

As I spoke, I felt a comforting warmth on the back of my hand. Charles was holding my hand firmly, with his other hand set behind his back. Just like that, a strong sense of security engulfed my heart. I felt fearless.

Charles hardened his voice as he ordered, "Rita, put down the knife."

Rita's lips trembled, and she frowned. She stared piteously at him, tears of anguish streaming down her face like a broken faucet. "Charles, do you know what Scarlett had done to me? Do you have any idea?!"

"Rita, you need to calm down. You can't blame Scarlett for everything. She's innocent, and she's done nothing wrong!" Spencer said earnestly, trying to reason with Rita.

Unfortunately, his attempt was in vain. His words infuriated Rita even more, and her hands trembled violently as she gripped her knife. "Liar! Liar, liar! Scarlett's done so many awful things to me! Why the hell are you all speaking for her?! I'm the one who got hurt! I lost everything! I'm the most innocent person here! You're all deceived by her. She's tricked all of you! She deserves to die!"

The more Rita spoke, the more emotional she became. She seemed to have no control of herself or her words, screaming at the top of her lungs. She started swinging the knife wildly as she approached me, eager to hurt me.

All of a sudden, Charles let go of my hand. Subconsciously, I moved forward, wanting to pull him back to safety. But he went too fast and my fingers only brushed against the hem of his clothes

Without caring for anything else, Charles lunged forward and grabbed the knife in Rita's hand. The blade dug into his flesh, causing a torrent of red to flow out. The gushing blood stung my eyes, filling my heart with horror.

"Charles...!" Spencer and David screamed in unison, appalled.

Rita stared wide-eyed at Charles's hand around her knife, astonished. For a moment, she was stunned. Then she let out a shrill scream, withdrew her hand, and retreated in horror.

However, Charles remained rooted to the sport, stubbornly keeping his grip on the knife.

I was trembling all over, shock and fear reaching into my bones. Unable to stop myself, tears fell from my eyes.

How could Charles do such a thing? How could he be so reckless as to grab the knife with his bare hand?

My heart ached in dull agony. I rushed to check his hand, which was now badly mutilated. The terrible sight sent shivers down my spine.

"Vivian! Charles needs help! Hurry!" I shouted, panic lacing my voice.

Vivian was quick on the uptake. She grabbed the first aid kit and treated Charles's wound in record time.

I marched angrily toward Rita, my every step filled with burning wrath. Without an ounce of hesitation, I raised my hand and gave Rita's face the hardest slap I could muster. The crisp sound echoed in the air, loud and deafening, soon followed by Rita's agonized scream.

And then, the room fell into pin-drop silence.

For a long time, it remained that way. Then, slowly, Charles called me worriedly. "Scarlett..."

Memories of his gentleness and coldness from the past flooded my mind like an unstoppable tidal wave. The pain and suffering between us were all caused by Rita!

Anger surged in me once more, snatching away my rationale. I lost control of myself and pounced on Rita like a hungry tiger. Grabbing her neck, I screamed

myself hoarse, "You deserve it! You had it coming! Your lies and schemes almost took away everything I had. Now you've lost everything, and it couldn't happen to a better person! You

deserve all this! You were never an innocent victim, Rita! And you never should've hurt Charles!"

Rita struggled free and stood up breathlessly. Despite that, she still maintained a defiant glare at me and snapped stubbornly, "Hah! Scarlett, can you swear that you didn't plan all this in secret? You said you hated me and my father! You wanted to destroy the Lively Group the most, don't you? I'm right, aren't I?!"

"More than anything, I wanted you and your father to suffer ten thousand times more than I did!" I snarled. I looked down at her, just like how one looked down at an overconfident ant. She was revolting, pathetic, a sore sight that stung my eyes.

"Even if you die ten thousand times, Rita, it's not enough to atone for the sins that you and your evil father had committed! If you don't provoke me anymore, I'll let you go this time. If you dare to provoke me again in the future, who do you think Charles will protect this time?! Huh?!"

Rita was stunned silly, not knowing what to say. Slowly, her eyes fell on Charles.

I tried to calm myself and press down my anger, and followed her line of sight.

Charles's wound had been bandaged properly courtesy of Vivian, but the gauze was stained red with blood. The sight still horrified me, even though I knew he was out of danger.

Charles looked at me with a warm, loving smile. "Of course I'll protect my beloved, Scarlett."

My heart was touched, and all the fury in me disappeared in an instant, leaving only feelings of tenderness.

"I love you too, Charles," I blurted out despite myself.

"C-Charles!" Rita shouted in disbelief, her face filled with pain. "I once blocked a knife for you, Charles! I saved your life! How could you be so cruel to me? Why are you doing this to me? Why?!"

However, Charles replied to her with a cold glare. "I've already paid you back for that, Rita. Besides, I already knew that you protected me at that time because you saw that my bodyguards have arrived. You knew it wouldn't be a life-threatening situation. That's why you risked it."

His retort rendered Rita completely speechless.

"You're just a vile and greedy woman," Charles sneered hatefully, disgust oozing out of his every pore.

Vivian, who was watching Charles's wound, furrowed her eyebrows. Frowning, she said to me, "Scarlett, the cut seems quite deep. The wound's been bandaged, but I still need to treat it properly. We have to go to the infirmary as soon as possible."

"Right. Let's go now." I nodded at her and held Charles's injured hand carefully. Both of us walked out.

Yet, Rita dashed forward and tried to block our path.

By this point, I didn't want to waste any more time on her and pushed her away decisively. With one swing of my hand, she fell to the floor and lay there in an awkward position.

However, no one paid any attention to her.

We then hurried to the infirmary.

Vivian went to find everything she needed, while I helped Charles lie on the bed.

Charles smiled, but his lips were frighteningly pale. "Don't pull a long face, Scarlett. Smile."

"I can't possibly smile right now..." I looked at him worriedly, concern coloring my gaze.

"I want you to apply medicine to my wound."

"Me...?" I looked at Vivian for approval.

"Sure, you can apply it on him. Open the lid and spray the powder on the wound. It's easy." Vivian handed me the bottle. "I'll go out first. Call me if you need anything."

I sat down next to Charles, carefully unwrapped the gauze, and applied medical powder to his wound as gently as I could.

As I looked at the bloody wound, a single tear fell from my eyes and dropped on the back of my hand.

"Don't cry..." Charles caressed my face with his uninjured hand, wiping my tears gently. "Are you worried about me, Scarlett?"

I didn't want to cry, but before I knew it, my voice was choked with sobs. "What's wrong with you?! You could've grabbed Rita's hand. Why did you grab the knife instead?"

Charles leaned over and kissed my lashes. His low and hoarse voice was full of love. "Because... my wife doesn't like me touching other women's hands."

His words stunned me, and I stopped bandaging his wound. I turned to stare at him in disbelief, but as I did so, I met his sincere eyes.